

# The Cheerful Letter

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PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL  
FOR THE MINISTRY  
Berkeley, California  
James Freeman Clarke

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS  
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.

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## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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### IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the  
woods!

Flowers and ferns and the soft green moss;  
Such loves of the birds in the solitudes,  
Where the swift wings glance and the  
tree-tops toss;

Spaces of silence, swept with song,  
Which nobody hears but the God above;  
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,  
Sunning themselves in his guiding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the  
woods,

Far from the city's dust and din,  
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,  
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.  
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,  
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer  
drink,  
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,  
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods  
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,  
And over the tiny floweret broods

With care that for ages has never ceased.  
If he cares for this, will he not care for thee—  
Thee, whoever thou art, to-day?  
Child of an infinite Father, see,  
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

—Selected.

### THE IMMORTALITY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

God confers no desire without designing to satisfy it. He plants no hope, encourages no expectation that he does not design to meet. Man, with all the hopes of his nature and of revelation, he the greater than all God's lower creation, is not to be the only unsatisfied creature in God's universe. He with the tide of affection rushing forever over his heart in the world to come, no less than here, tell me not that he shall be doomed to an endless separation from those who constituted a necessary part of this life's happiness and hope. Those whose health, whose peace and happiness have constituted an important part of my own happiness, those around whose hearts all my affections are twined, in whom the enjoyments of my life centre, tell me not that I could ever be happy in heaven if those who had made this life to me a heaven were shut out. Tell me not that this heart which is to live forever, to find happiness in the society of those whose love it first opened to receive in this world, can ever be satisfied without knowing that they, too, are safe, unless heaven opens its golden gates to them as well as me, unless God likewise gives them happiness, and permits this heart of mine to be made joyous in the consciousness and enjoyment of their felicity. O selfish, cruel thought that, when I am safe from danger, that when God has freed me from sin, shall make me indifferent to the condition or the fate of those whom I loved with an undying affection here! God forgive me if I could ever do that. I should be unworthy of heaven if I could thus harden my heart, if I could become thus indifferent to the fate of the farthest Hindoo or the most degraded Bushman. God has not formed our hearts to live forever, that they may grow cold and callous toward others, but rather that they may expand in their affections, that they may enlarge in their capacities and grow disinterested in their regards.

You may tell me of the beauties of heaven, you may paint its glorious scenery, you may discourse eloquently of its dazzling splendors, picture its golden streets, its gates of pearl,

its walls of jasper, its foundations of sapphire and emerald and topaz, jacinth and amethyst: if those beauties, those glorious scenes, are not for those whose love made this life a heaven to me, if its dazzling splendors cannot be shared by them, if its ponderous gates swing not open to receive them, what were all its riches and its splendor to me? I know you will tell me that God should be the supreme desire, that Christ should be the profound sufficiency, the answering of the deep wants of our nature. But God, who has made all nature lovely and has given me an eye to see its loveliness, does not prohibit me from the enjoyment of all this beauty for fear it should keep my affections from him. He bestows this sense, spreads out this beauty, to fit me for beholding his own matchless loveliness and finding a supreme delight in his adorable perfections. By these means we find our way slowly up to the Father.

Neither has he given me a heart to love and bestowed affections that are immortal, then made it wrong for me to find a delight in their gratification. Rather through these he will lift me to himself. He bestowed those affections, encourages those desires and will meet them. He has made all his works harmonize, and will answer every expectation, every desire, that he has planted. He gave the mother her undying love for her child who is gone before her. Will he not satisfy that love? Oh, what were heaven to her if she were to traverse its golden streets and hear the chanting of the seraphim, if she knew that another world echoed to the footsteps of her child; that no soft music was in his heart, but curses and blaspheming, because God had made heaven, forgiveness, repentance, impossibilities to him? God forgive us that we have borrowed from heathen mythology and heathen poetry our views of the future, instead of forming them from the light of Christian revelation. God forgive us that we have ever doubted his everlasting, universal love.

Oh, how many lives have been made wretched, how many brains crazed, by these terrible apprehensions. It would belie the goodness of God to doubt that he will ultimately make every soul holy and happy.

It would belie his equal providence to believe that of the beings whom he has made he has destined some to the joys of heaven and doomed others to the perdition of an endless hell. While men and women profess to believe this, it is marvellous how easily they can make exceptions in favor of those they love. Thus do men seek to evade the conclusions of their creeds, and, while they

dishonor their heads, yet do honor their hearts and prove the immortality of the human affections. But no such shocking incongruity, thank God, is there in his providence. The harmonies around us, in life, in the linked train of events, the harmonies of universal nature, but, above all, the teachings of the gospel, assure us that no such shocking incongruity is bound up in the ways of providence. God doth look upon our wants and happiness with the paternal eye of wisdom and love. This universe is full of spiritual influences to help us in the great conflict of life. There is a world beyond, in which we may assuredly trust. The heart, full of weighty interests and cares, of swelling hopes and aspirations, of thoughts too big for utterance, is not given us merely that we may bear it to the grave and bury it there. From that sleeping dust shall rise the spirit to endless life. Thanks be to God, who giveth us this victory of an assured hope through Jesus Christ that our hearts shall live forever.

—*L. A. Jenkin.*

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### THE STILL HOUR.

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Thy calmness bends serene above  
 My restlessness to still;  
 Around me flows thy quickening life,  
 To nerve my faltering will;  
 Thy presence fills my solitude;  
 Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,  
 Held in thy law, I stand;  
 Thy hand in all things I behold,  
 And all things in thy hand;  
 Thou leadest me by unsought ways  
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

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It is beautiful to see that faith is the source and foundation of all hope and comfort and earnestness and diligence in earthly as well as heavenly things.—*James Hinton.*

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### PRAYER.

O God, Light of the hearts that see, Life of the souls that love thee, and Strength of the thoughts that seek thee, grant us now thy grace and blessing. Enlighten and settle all distressed and perplexed consciences; and, to all who are beset by evil thoughts and desires, give light from heaven and thy strong help and timely deliverance. Relieve us in our sadness, give us patience to bear our burdens, and faith to seek and find thee in every time of temptation and danger.



Teach us to submit to thy providence in all things, to be content in all the vicissitudes of our life, in prosperity to be temperate, and to read our duty in the lines of thy mercy, in adversity to be humble and resigned, to look through the cloud, and to wait for thy consolation. In all events may we do our duty with an unwearied diligence and an undisturbed resolution, not setting our affections on the possessions of this world, but enjoying wisely what thou hast given, and using it in accordance with thy will. Amen.—*The Christian Register.*

### THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Gaffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

#### OFFERS.

Miss Helen L. Anthony, 805 Hutchins Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, offers "Rob Roy," Wörterbuch (German Dictionary), Art Gallery of World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

#### REQUESTS.

*Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.*

1. I wish some kind members of the Cheerful Letter band would send reading to my daughter, Mrs. Edith V. Reynolds, Mendon, Michigan, R.R. No. 4. She has recently undergone a surgical operation, is delicate, lives in an isolated place, and has two baby girls. Please send her *Ainslee's, Hampton's*, or old numbers of *Munsey's* containing copies of paintings, as she loves to draw. Any current numbers of magazines she would love to get. Thanking all members for myself and her in advance, Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan.

2. Miss Etta Sharpe, Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, will be grateful for "What Katy did at School," "David Alden's Daughter," or any good book.

3. I would be very glad if some one would send me the *Cheerful Letter* and other good reading matter. I send as reference, Rev. L. A. Thomas, Huffville, Virginia. Mrs. Ben H. Lancaster, Route 1, Floyd, Virginia.

4. Mrs. Julia Mullis, Marshville, North Carolina, asks for reading for her child of seven years.

5. Claudia Triplett, Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, will be glad to receive "Beulah" or "Queechy."

6. Mrs. B. F. Walker, Sonoma City, R. F. D. 1, 47 G. Carsaig Ranch, California, has been quite ill and will be glad of reading during her convalescence.

7. I am a widow with four children,—twenty-one, eighteen, sixteen, and nine years old. I am striving hard to educate them, and would appreciate it if you would send us books of any kind to read. My husband died since we came to Oklahoma. Mrs. Ella E. Morgan, Mountain Park, Oklahoma, R. F. D. 2.

8. Mrs. Mary Wiggins, Peletier, North Carolina, would like to receive papers and magazines, also books suitable for children from eight to seventeen years of age. Express office Maysville, North Carolina.

9. I am a teacher in the graded school here, and am writing to ask if you will send me some literature. I am a widow with one son thirteen years old, and anything you send suitable to my needs or his will be very much appreciated. Mrs. Pattie Nelson, R. F. D., Nashville, North Carolina.

10. Mrs. R. L. Lonnigood, Tellico Plains, R. F. D. 1, Tennessee, will appreciate any books, magazines, or papers.

11. I am very fond of reading and will be grateful for any good reading, especially some good books. I have two children aged seven and four, and would be glad of some picture books for them. I also hope some one will send me the *Cheerful Letter* and some good story papers. Mrs. Virgie Henderson, Sandidges, Virginia, R. F. D. 2.

12. I have been thinking for a long time of writing to you, as I am a poor widow with five children, living on a rented farm in the back woods. My oldest child is twelve years old and the rest are still younger, none of them able to help me much yet. Mrs. Walter Mize, Sanville, Virginia.

13. I would like "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." I do not know the name of the author, but the work is in four volumes, I think. I am very interested in the Civil

War, and would like these books because I think they give a full account of it. Then I would like "The Adventures of a Brownie," by Miss Mulock, for my little sister; "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill; "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London; "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr.; "Richard Carvel," which, I believe, is by Churchill, and "The Virginian," by Owen Wister. This seems a great many to ask for, I know; but we love to read, and do not have many opportunities to read good books. We lend all we get to persons who like to read. Grace Gordon, North Platte, Nebraska.

14. I am a reader of the *Cheerful Letter* and enjoy it very much. I come to ask if some one will send me some easy piano music for a beginner. I also would like to get a dictionary and any good reading matter. We have no library of any kind here, so of course I get nothing but what I buy, and that is not much, for I am not able to buy. I would be glad of the sequel to "Bad Hugh," as I have that book. Thanking you in advance, Mrs. H. M. Gillis, Stovall, Granville County, North Carolina.

15. Will you kindly send me some reading matter? I would be glad of anything. Would greatly appreciate some current magazines each month,—*Harper's Bazar*, fashion magazines or anything to read. I have been sick for a year and it helps me pass the time and keeps my thoughts off myself which will help me get my strength. Mrs. Alice Whittle, Saluda, North Carolina.

16. Mrs. S. B. Buffington, Chelsea, Oklahoma, with her sons of sixteen, nine, and six years, and daughter of twenty, will be very glad of good reading.

17. Mrs. Lena Waddell, Wadesboro, North Carolina, asks for interesting reading for her boys of sixteen and fourteen.

18. Mrs. Joe N. Smith, Santa Paula, California, will be grateful for reading.

#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mr. C. Brandenburg and daughter, Louise B., are now at 314 North Vine Street, Denison, Iowa.

Mrs. M. E. Oades, 710 Ellsworth Street, East Portland, Oregon. Her little daughter has infantile paralysis.

Cameron Schneider, 428 Machen Street, Toledo, Ohio,

Langear Galloway, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

John W. Kisby, Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Ida R. Worden, 1409 Des Moines Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. Helen M. Warner, post-office now Mt. Vernon, New Hampshire, but express or freight address will be still New Boston, New Hampshire.

Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, Lykens, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania.

#### THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

##### THE RIGHT WAY TO PUNISH.

(When Jasper was eight years old, his mother could not manage him at all; and his grandfather invited him to come and stay in London with him. His Aunt Gertrude invited him to take a drive with her.)

The beginning of the drive was very pleasant, and both Gertrude and Jasper enjoyed it very much. Gertrude let Jasper drive. . . . There was no harm yielding to Jasper's caprices, for there was nothing wrong in them. . . .

They were going up a hill where Gertrude said the horse could not go fast, and must not be whipped. Jasper then began to trail the lash of the whip on the ground.

"It is a snake," said Jasper. "Look, Aunt Gertrude, it is a snake!"

"I can't see it very well," said Gertrude. "You may look at it a moment and then you must take it in."

"Why?" said Jasper. "Why can't I play so with it all the time?"

"I'll tell you, after you have taken it in," said Gertrude. "You may look at it a little longer; and then, when I say the word, you must take it in."

"Now the wheel is running over the snake," said Jasper. "See, Gertrude, see!"

"Now," said Gertrude, after pausing a moment, "now you must take it in."

But Jasper did not obey.

"Now, Jasper," said Gertrude, "I can't let you have the whip any longer, because you don't obey me. Give the whip to me."

"No," said Jasper.

Gertrude attempted to take the whip out of Jasper's hand. He struggled, and began to scream. (Gertrude at once abandoned the contest, and Jasper thought he had conquered.)

Gertrude drove on a short distance farther until she came to a wide place, which was convenient for turning the wagon.

"What are you going to do?" said Jasper.



"I am going to turn the wagon round," said Gertrude.

"But I don't want to go home," said Jasper, in a whining tone. "I want to ride farther."

"So do I," said Gertrude; "but we must go home."

As she said this, she continued turning the wagon; and at length it had turned entirely round, and the horse was headed toward home.

"Why must we go home?" asked Jasper.

"Because you don't obey me," said Gertrude. "I can't ride with a boy who does not obey me."

Jasper now drew in the lash of the whip and threw the whip itself across Gertrude's lap, saying in a petulant manner, "There! take your whip if you want it."

Gertrude took the whip very quietly, and whipped the horse a little to make him go faster.

"Now I have given you the whip," said Jasper, "I don't see why you need go home."

"Yes," said Gertrude, "this ride is entirely spoiled. We can't ride any more to-day. Some other day I will take you out again, and then, if you obey me all the time, we can have a good ride; but, if not, you will spoil the ride. Disobeying once spoils the whole ride for that day."

Jasper now thought that Gertrude had only turned the wagon as a feint, in order to threaten and alarm him, and that by means of a little teasing and promising on his part she would easily be induced to turn again and go on with the ride.

"Come, aunty," said he. "Turn round again, and go on. I'll be a good boy now,—I certainly will,—and do everything that you say."

Now many persons in such a case as this would have yielded to Jasper's requests and promises, and would have turned back again, saying,—

"Well, I'll try for this once; but, if you disobey me again, I shall certainly give up the ride altogether."

But such management as this would be very bad. If a boy finds that he can rebel and disobey, and then, when the evil consequences are coming upon him, if he can avert them all by merely promising not to do so again, the effect is to offer a strong inducement to disobey. He will say to himself, "I can disobey once without any harm: it is only for the *second* time that my mother [or my aunt or my teacher, as the case may be] punishes me."

Gertrude paid no attention to Jasper's

entreaties, but went directly home. Of course Jasper was now in a very bad humor.

"And what are you going to do with me when I get home?" he asked. "Are you going to tell grandpapa of me?"

"No," said Gertrude, "I shall not do anything more about it when I get home. By disobeying me you have lost this ride, and that is all. To-morrow, if you like, we will try again; and then, I have no doubt, you will be a better boy."

"And what shall I do all the rest of the time to-day?" asked Jasper, in a complaining tone.

"I don't know," replied Gertrude; "but I will help you all I can to have a good time. Perhaps you would like to come up in my room and look at some of my pictures."

Thus you see that, while Gertrude was decided and firm in enforcing the just and proper penalty of Jasper's disobedience,—namely, the loss of the ride,—she stopped short with that, and was ready, after the ride was given up, to treat Jasper just as kindly as if nothing had happened.—*Jacob Abbott, in "Jasper; or, The Spoiled Child Recovered."*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE MOURNING DOVE.

*Description.*—Mourning Dove (*Zenaidura macroura*). Adult male: upper parts olive grayish brown; forehead, a soft, delicate wine-colored pink; crown, bluish slate; chin, whitish; sides of the neck with bright pink and ruby iridescence; black spot under each ear; black spots on some of the wing coverts; ends of primaries, showing when wing is folded, brownish black; feathers of tail markedly graduated, central ones in color like back, the outer ones slaty gray, then banded with black and broadly tipped with ashy and white; breast, wine-colored pink changing into cream-buff on belly; on sides under wings bright bluish; feet lake-red, in life; length from tip of bill to end of tail from 11 to 13 inches; bill, black, averaging a trifle over  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in length. Adult female: a trifle smaller than the male; much more grayish and brownish; lacks pinkish breast; iridescence on sides of neck much restricted and sometimes lacking. Young: like the female, but lacking the iridescence on neck and the black spots under the ears. The feathers of upper parts tipped with grayish white.

*Note.*—The only other bird that the Mourning Dove can be confounded with is the Passenger, or Wild, Pigeon. The latter, however,

is a much larger bird and does not have the black spots under the ears. The distinguishing mark is a sure means of identification of the dove.

*Distribution.*—The Mourning Dove is found in all parts of temperate North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and north to Ontario; sparingly in Manitoba and British Columbia. Its southward range extends to Panama and through the West Indies. In the northern portion of its range it is a summer visitor, although an occasional individual may be found quite far north even in the severest winter weather, provided the food supply is suitable and abundant.

Between latitudes 30° and 38° it is a permanent resident, but south of 36° it is an abundant resident. It breeds in all parts of the United States, raising two broods and possibly in some instances three in a season. Its nest is usually a frail platform of twigs, if placed in a bush or tree; but in many instances the eggs are laid on the ground, especially in the treeless West. Unusual nesting sites are frequently selected, such as the abandoned nests of other species of birds, tops of stumps, rocks, sheds, etc.

Eggs: pure white and moderately glossy. Usual number two, sometimes only one.

#### THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF THE MOURNING DOVE.

This leaflet is published for the purpose of calling the attention of the farmers of the country to the pre-eminent value of the dove as a weed eradicator.

The poet has well described the farmer's curse:—

"It was only a seed that fell,  
A downy and tiny seed;  
And few that saw it could tell  
What an evil and pestilent weed  
Would spring from that little sphere,  
With power to spread at the root  
Till it choked out all blossoms of cheer  
And cut off all promise of fruit."

Is there a farmer in the country who, after a hard day's work with hoe or cultivator, has not wished that some other means could be devised to prevent the rapid growth of noxious weeds, and at the same time emancipate him from the sweating brow, the blistered hands, and the aching back?

There is one means of weed destroying that has been entirely overlooked by the agriculturists, probably because they never seriously considered the food habits of the dove.

Recent investigations made by the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, of the food of the dove, prove

this bird to be of incalculable value. The examination of the contents of 237 stomachs of the dove shows over 99 per cent. of its food consists wholly of vegetable matter in the shape of seeds, less than 1 per cent. being animal food. Wheat, oats, rye, corn, barley, and buckwheat were found in 150 of the stomachs, and constituted 32 per cent. of the total food. However, three-fourths of this amount was waste grain picked up in the fields after the harvesting was over. Of the various grains eaten, wheat is the favorite, and is almost the only one taken when it is in good condition, and most of this was eaten in the months of July and August. Corn, the second in amount, was all old damaged grain taken from the fields after the harvest, or from roads or stock-yards in summer. The principal and almost constant diet, however, is the seeds of weeds. *These are eaten at all seasons of the year.* They constitute 64 per cent. of the annual food supply, and show very little variation during any month. Some of the seeds eaten were so minute it would seem that none but the smallest species of birds would eat them, and then only when driven to do so by lack of other food. Some instances of the enormous numbers of seeds that individual birds consumed will be of interest. In one stomach were found 7,500 seeds of the yellow wood-sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*), in another 6,400 seeds of barn grass or fox-tail (*Chactocloa*), and a third had eaten the following combination:—

|                                                                |             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Slender paspalum ( <i>Paspalum setaceum</i> ) . . . . .        | 2,600 seeds |
| Orange hawkweed ( <i>Hieracium aurantiacum</i> ) . . . . .     | 4,820 seeds |
| Hoary vervain ( <i>Verbena stricta</i> ) . . . . .             | 950 seeds   |
| Carolina cranesbill ( <i>Geranium carolinianum</i> ) . . . . . | 120 seeds   |
| Yellow wood-sorrel ( <i>Oxalis stricta</i> ) . . . . .         | 50 seeds    |
| Panicum . . . . .                                              | 620 seeds   |
| Other weeds of various kinds . . . . .                         | 40 seeds    |
| Total . . . . .                                                | 9,200 seeds |

None of the above are useful plants, and most of them are noxious weeds, especially the first two.

The three doves in question benefited the farmers, on whose land they fed, by destroying 23,100 prospective weeds. Is there a farmer in this land who would not welcome as a friend the man who would offer to uproot and kill 23,100 weeds? Yet because the doves go about silently and unobtrusively, and make no loud boasts about the good they are doing, they are thought of little or no value. In many sections of the country



this valuable, harmless, and gentle creature is considered as a semi-game bird, and is shot during a large part of the year. It is a question for the farmers to settle whether they will permit any one to kill on their land birds that annually destroy tons of the seeds of pigeon grass, ragweed, smart weed, bindweed, and many other noxious plants, and are thus worth so much as helpers on farms. The matter resolves itself into a question of figures; *i.e.*, dollars and cents to the farmers. If three doves at one meal destroy 23,100 weed seeds, and thus prevent the growth of the same number of prospective weeds, how much good will all the doves on a farm or in a state or in the country at large accomplish? Or, to present the case in another way, how much will it cost in time, labor, and actual cash to destroy what the doves will eat if they are protected and encouraged to remain on the farms? The farmers in the United States spent in 1899 the enormous sum of \$365,305,921 for labor; how much of this was paid for killing weeds, and how much of it could have been saved if no doves had been killed but all had been protected and permitted to perform the work that the Creator designed them to do? The dove is far too valuable an auxiliary to the agriculturists to have it classed as a game bird. Its value consists in its weed-destroying activities, and not in the few ounces of food it may furnish if shot as a game bird. I trust the time is near at hand when the farmers of the country will protect the dove as carefully as they do their domestic fowls and animals.

#### STUDY POINTS FOR TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

Trace the distribution of the dove on the map of North America. Through what States do the 36th and 38th parallels of north latitude run? Does the dove remain in your section of the country throughout the year? If not, when does it arrive in the spring? When does it leave in the autumn? Do doves associate in flocks? Have you noticed any peculiarity of flight? Describe what it is. Describe the notes of the dove. Can you identify any of the weeds that are mentioned above? Do you know any other weed seeds that the dove eats?—*William Dutcher.*

#### THE FRIENDLY STARS.

##### JUNE: SPICA.

Another bright star that comes into view not long after Arcturus is Spica. Among the twenty brightest stars it is fifteenth in order of brilliancy. It can be found by extending

the line from the end of the handle of the Dipper through Arcturus and about thirty degrees beyond, still following the curve. It is about as far from Arcturus as Arcturus is from the handle of the Dipper.

Spica rises a very little south of the exact point on the horizon and becomes visible about an hour later than Arcturus. It is the only very bright star in the south-eastern part of the heavens during the early spring months. About the middle of March it rises about eight o'clock, and by nine has cleared its face of the haziness of the lower atmosphere.

Spica rises just after the sun sets in the early part of April, and during April and May it is at its best in the eastern evening sky. In August it sets about ten o'clock; in September, about eight. In November, December, and January it rises between midnight and dawn, so that October is the only month during which it is most of the time invisible. It lies in the constellation Virgo, or the Virgin, and marks the spot in the constellation where the Virgin holds in her hand a spear of wheat.

Spica's color—white—shows it to be in an earlier stage of existence than the yellow stars. Hence it is known to be a much more tenuous body than either Capella or Arcturus. It is one of the stars so far away that we have never been able to measure its distance.—*"The Friendly Stars," Martha Evans Martin.*

#### THE PUBLIC WORK OF MRS. HOWE.

(Continued from May number.)

Dr. Channing, at near the end of his life, spoke of himself as "always young for liberty." It was equally true of Mrs. Howe that, up to the day of her death, she was "always young for liberty." She was president of the society formed in America called the "Friends of Armenia," and addressed many protest meetings at the time of the great massacres in that unhappy country. On her seventy-seventh birthday she said: "I feel so much the sufferings of the Armenian people that I could almost go from door to door begging the rich and the poor to send such contributions as they could for their relief. But far better would it be if measures were taken by the leading governments of the world to prevent ignorant superstition from holding a bloody carnival whenever it may see fit. I pray Heaven that such a movement may be soon and effectually inaugurated."

The Armenians were everywhere deeply grateful to her for her sympathy and her efforts in their behalf.

All her life Mrs. Howe was a friend of Italy. She warmly sympathized with Mazzini and Garibaldi and the men who led the Italian people in their heroic struggle for national unity and freedom. She made several visits to Italy, which seemed to her a land of extraordinary charm. The Italian language and people she loved, and the rich treasures of Italian art she never ceased to study with delight. She was held in very high regard by the large numbers of Italians living in America. When she was eighty-seven years of age, she gave an address in the Italian language at a celebration by Boston Italians of the four hundredth anniversary of the death of Columbus. She was honorary president of the *Circolo Italiano*, and in 1902 received from the *Società Dante Alighieri* of Rome, of which the Boston Society is a branch, a diploma in acknowledgment of her efforts to diffuse in America a knowledge of the language and the affairs of Italy.

Mrs. Howe was a very earnest advocate of the cause of peace, and for many years before her death had been an officer of the American Peace Society. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War she was greatly stirred, and drew up an appeal to mothers, asking, "Why do not the mothers of mankind interfere to prevent the waste of human life of which they alone know and bear the cost?" The appeal was translated into French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Swedish, and circulated widely in the various countries of Europe. As long as she lived she continued to write and speak in the interest of international peace and arbitration. On her death her old-time friend and coworker in the cause of peace, John T. Trowbridge, wrote of her,—

"She sang the Battle Hymn that rings  
Down the long corridors of time;  
Her lifelong human service sings  
Of Peace, an anthem more sublime."

Mrs. Howe was never formally ordained as a preacher, but she preached much and always with great acceptance. Generally her preaching was done in Unitarian pulpits, but not always. In the later years of her life she was welcome in almost any of the pulpits of the country, except those of the Roman Catholics or the Episcopal order. Though she was often heard in crowded and fashionable churches, yet she liked best to speak to the poor and the humble. She said she never enjoyed preaching so much as when she gave a series of sermons to a congregation of bare-footed negroes in the Island of San Domingo, when her husband was United States Commissioner there.

As a preacher she was quiet, thoughtful, instructive, and persuasive: everybody liked to hear her. She always spoke with dignity and winning grace, and thus did much to disarm those who were opposed to women occupying pulpits.

She believed that the Christian ministry in all churches ought to be open to women. In this she was in advance of her age. For many years only the liberal churches (Unitarian and Universalist) allowed women to preach. But progress has been made, and now fully half a dozen Christian denominations are opening their pulpits to women.

Twenty years or more ago she organized a Woman's Ministerial Conference, of which she was made the president, and she remained such up nearly to the time of her death.

Mrs. Howe regarded as the most important work of her life that which she did for woman, to promote the higher education of woman, a larger life for woman, the emancipation of woman from many of the bondages which were upon her, and the suffrage for woman as a necessary step in her further progress. In this cause she labored earnestly as long as she lived, speaking for it in public conventions, lecturing in its behalf in all parts of the land, pleading for it before State Legislatures, and writing for it with a tireless pen. She was not one of the very earliest advocates in America of the suffrage movement. Like many others she was at first prejudiced against the movement; but, when she came to look carefully into its meaning and the reasons for it, she found herself drawn irresistibly into sympathy with it, and for more than forty years there was no more ardent advocate in America of equal suffrage for man and woman than she. In 1868 she took a leading part in organizing the New England Woman Suffrage Association, became its first president, and was its president at the time of her death. Her eloquence and her literary and social prestige were a tower of strength to the cause during its early years of unpopularity.

Not less important was the work she did as president of the national organization known as the "Association for the Advancement of Women" or the "Women's Congress." For many years this Congress held one or more meetings each year in leading cities in all parts of the United States and in Canada. The programmes, extending over three or four days, were not confined to suffrage, but included education and all subjects bearing on woman's progress and larger life. The leading women of the nation were brought to these congresses as speakers. The things said were widely



reported in the papers of the country. The audiences drawn together in the various cities were very large, crowding the most capacious theatres, opera houses, and halls. Nothing done before had ever produced such a wide-spread intellectual and moral awakening among the women of the nation as did these congresses. Wherever they were held, they left behind them a train of women's clubs, women's suffrage associations, women's study classes, motherhood societies, societies for child-study, and associations of many kinds for promoting better education for women and girls, for opening new avenues of activity for women, and for improving homes.

One of the last enterprises of Mrs. Howe's life was a census which she secured of the opinions of the ministers and editors of the four woman suffrage States in the Union, as to whether or not the effects of equal suffrage had been good upon the women themselves, upon homes, and upon society. To her letters of inquiry she received 624 answers: of these 62 were unfavorable to the suffrage, 46 in doubt, and 516 in favor. The Episcopal ministers of all four of the States—Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho—declared more than two to one that the effect of suffrage upon women and the home and society had been good; the Baptist ministers declared the same seven to one; the Congregationalists eight to one; the Methodists, ten to one; and the Presbyterians, eleven to one.

Mrs. Howe has been called the "mother of women's clubs" and the "mother of women's organizations of every kind." Probably the women's club movement, and indeed the whole movement for organization among women, which has become so wide-spread in this country, and which has caught like a prairie fire from our own to other lands, is traceable to Mrs. Howe more than to any other single person. When she came on the scene, there were no women's clubs; indeed, there was comparatively little intellectual life of any kind among the women of this country. But she believed that women were capable of intellectual life, and needed it as much as did men. More than that, she believed that women would be made wiser and better by it, wiser and better as wives and mothers; and so from the very beginning of her career she set out to do what she could to promote it, by seeking to secure as good educational advantages for girls and young women as for boys and young men; by efforts to secure suffrage to women the same as to men; and, as hardly less important than either of the others,

by efforts to induce women to organize themselves into clubs and circles and associations for ends of mutual improvement and to help others. She recognized the power of united effort; and she said, "Why should not women avail themselves of this power, for the enlargement of their own lives and for the benefit of society?"

When she began to organize women for these large and important ends, it was hard and slow work. Precedent and all the influences of conservatism were against her. Men frowned and women feared. It was declared to be unwomanly for women to organize themselves together for any purpose at all. Or, at the very farthest, they should not go beyond uniting in small sewing circles to sew for the poor. To organize for intellectual purposes or to promote movements of any magnitude for the public good was thought almost a crime.

What a change has come! The little acorn which Mrs. Howe, and a few others with her, planted forty or fifty years ago has become a great tree, whose branches extend from State to State and from land to land, and whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations."

Not that the wide-spread organization of women which we see to-day into clubs and societies and associations for objects of a hundred different kinds is all good. Of course it is not all good. What movement in the world is? Everything has its weak side. If we condemn all advance movements that are not perfect, we shall never have any progress at all. But, after making all just allowances for limitations and imperfections, I do not see how any thoughtful person can witness without satisfaction and pride and great new hope for the world the work which women's clubs and other organizations are doing to-day all over this country and in many others, not only for the enlargement of the intellectual life of women themselves, for the culture and training of women in literature, science, knowledge, music, and art, but also for the promoting of almost every worthy cause,—every cause that means love and kindness and human good in our time.

Consider the situation as we see it to-day. Religion, education, temperance, charities, philanthropies, and social reforms of a hundred kinds; the work of improving homes and making motherhood more intelligent; child-saving work; improvements in jails and prisons and poor-houses; civic improvement, city and village beautification; city and town and home sanitation and food inspection; homes for orphans and

for the aged; hospitals for men, women, and children, and nursing for the poor; social settlement work, boys and girls' clubs, playgrounds for children; kindergartens for the poor, day nurseries to help poor and overburdened mothers; traveling libraries; flower and fruit missions,—where is there anything good going on or undertaken that is not to a greater or less degree the result of women's love, women's efforts, and women's organizations?

To have been a leader, perhaps more than any other woman the leader, as Mrs. Howe was, in creating all this splendid side of our modern American social development, our modern American higher civilization, is a glory greater than falls to many human beings in this world.—*J. T. Sunderland.*

### SACRIFICED TO FASHION.

BEAUTIFUL AND GRACEFUL TERNS KILLED BY  
WHOLESALE FOR HAT TRIMMINGS.

Only a few years ago it was quite common to find terns from the Arctic regions to the Gulf of Mexico along the Atlantic shores collected in vast rookeries, where they reared their speckled broods. A school of bluefish would bring scores of these beautifully clad birds dashing down all at once and cleaving the surface of the water like darts, each eagerly doing his best to reap his share of the harvest. Then rising again in the air, with one vigorous shake the salt spray would disappear from their glossy feathers while they made ready for another wild plunge. On such occasions the excitement waged fast and furious among the feathered hunters, while the poor frightened fish beneath made the water fairly boil and bubble by their savage rushes to escape.

The terns nest late in May, building their homes in the deep marshes by breaking a few of the tall weeds and high grasses so as to form the rudest apology for a bird nest.

The parent birds are exceedingly attentive to their young, oftentimes feeding them from their own beaks without settling, then sailing away again in search of more food.

The wide marshes of Long Island and New Jersey coasts were the favorite nesting resorts of these birds for years. They reared thousands, and even millions, of young each season; but, sad to relate, the destructive and cruel fashion of wearing the wings, heads, and even whole birds, in women's hats arose, and now they are almost exterminated in these localities. The ceaseless per-

secutions of the plume hunters have very nearly rid our eastern coast of these fine-plumaged birds.

They have been slaughtered and brought into market by boat loads and their feathers sold to wholesale milliners, who made them up into women's headgear, until it is now necessary for the hunters to seek other shores than ours for such marketable products. However, it is to be hoped they may come back when our beneficent bird laws have had time to operate and be obeyed.—*A. W. Dougherty, in the Visitor.*

### A MAD DOG.

I had an experience last September that I never shall forget. One burning hot September day I drove into a farmer's barn-yard and stopped under a shade tree to let my horse rest. The door of the house opened, and Mr. B. stepped out with a shotgun.

"Hello, John! Are you going hunting?" I asked.

"No, our dog is mad."

"Where is the dog?"

"Down by the corn crib."

I stepped out of my buggy and started with him for the crib, which was located about twenty feet from a small barn. There was the poor dumb brute, with a heavy leather strap around his neck, and tied with a rope to a ring on a wire running from the corner of the crib to the barn. When we got in sight of the dog, he began to jump and tear at the rope.

"What is the dog's name?" I asked.

"Watch."

I started to go to the dog and John caught me by the arm. "Don't go near him, he will bite you!"

"How long has the dog been tied there?"

"We went away yesterday morning to thrash for Wilson, and we left Watch here to guard the corn-crib."

There was the poor dog, left for thirty-six hours in a burning sun without a drop of water, to guard a crib of fifteen-cent corn. I walked up to the dog and cut the rope and led him to the well. I pumped some water in a cup and gave him a small quantity to drink. The dog did not offer to bite me. He was too glad to get away from such a place.

John did not speak for some time, but finally said: "*I never thought of giving him water. I will never tie that dog again.*"—*From the Dog Fancier, Battle Creek, Mich.*



## THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

## SCRAP-BOOKS.

*A Note to Invalids.*

Some of our members, especially invalids, have spoken of the amusement they find in making scrap-books, I have some copies of early numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* containing poems which might be used for this purpose. Some of these are quite beautiful, and of these again some are not very common, and can probably not be obtained easily elsewhere. There are also other articles in the papers which may be useful (some on kindergarten methods, etc.), though the poems are what would probably be most acceptable.

A friend has just offered me some old numbers of *Our Dumb Animals* for the same purpose. These would be especially good for scrap-books for children.

Address for both these papers, the *Cheerful Letter* and *Our Dumb Animals*, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

## AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

## I.

## A JUNE SHAKESPEARE.

The initials in order spell a king of England, one of Shakespeare's characters, who was born June 28, 1491.

1. Queen to Leontes, in the "Winter's Tale."
2. Father to Hermia, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
3. A follower of Falstaff, in "Merry Wives of Windsor."
4. A thane of Scotland, in "Macbeth."
5. The king's jester, in "Hamlet."
6. Son of Gloster, in "King Lear."
7. A friend to Philario, in "Cymbeline."
8. A friend to Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice."
9. The heroine, in "All's Well that Ends Well."
10. The clown, in "As You Like It."
11. A friend to Hamlet, in "Hamlet."

—American Boy.

## II.

## SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?—

1. The Iron Duke.
2. The Little Giant.
3. The Little Corporal.
4. The Martyr President.
5. The King Maker.

## III.

## PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To one-seventh of Calgary add two-fifths of Levis, one-eighth of Victoria, two-sixths of Nelson, two-sixths of Cranby, one-sixth of Sydney, and make the name of a President of the United States.

## IV.

## FLOWER PUZZLE.

1. Poets often sing of my *first*, so fair;  
And my *second* of praise has had its share.
2. A flower that tells to the bicyclist  
The time to enter his name on the list.
3. That I am my *first* with pride I declare;  
Of my *next* our country has full share.
4. A group of boys like my *first* you'll agree;  
The nickname of one, my *next* may be.
5. A color we often see in the sky,  
And a charming maid who pleases the eye.

—Every Other Sunday.

Answers to puzzles in the May number.

I. FLOWER CONUNDRUMS.—1. Wall-flower. 2. Four-o'clock. 3. Poppy. 4. Shamrock. 5. Primrose. 6. Lady's Slipper.

II. BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.—Cloth, larch, board, rends, caged, steam—Orange.

## III.

## A DIAMOND.—

P  
C A N  
C A P E R  
P A P Y R U S  
N E R V E  
R U E  
S

## IV.

## TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—

C O S T A R I C A  
N I C A R A G U A  
G U A T E M A L A

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

## OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange in June: notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

## LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

*The Home Study Work* of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.